

HOLY FRIAR.

A Humorous Song.

I am a Friar of orders Gray,
And down in the valley I take my way ;
I pull not blackberry, haw or hyp,
Good store of venison fills my scrip ;
My long bead-roll I merrily chaunt,
Wherever I go no money I want,
Wherever I go no money I want ;
And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell :
He who leads a good life is sure to live well.

What baron or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a Holy Friar.
Half so well, half so well, half so well
As a Holy Friar.

Chorus—As a Holy, &c.

After supper of heaven I dream,
And that 's fat pullets and clotted cream,
Myself by denial I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden pie.
I'm clothed in sack-cloth for my sin—
With good sack-wine am I lined within,
With good sack-wine am I lined within.
The chaffing cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell my bold ding-dong.

What baron or squire, &c.

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HOLY TRIAR.

A HUMOROUS SONG.

I am a friar of orders three,
And down in the valley I take my way;
I pull not hither, nor or thither,
Good alone of reason is my care;
My long head, all I mostly want,
Wherever I go to money I want;
Wherever I go to money I want;
And why I'm so changing the reason I'll tell;
He who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What harm or edging or night of the blue,
I've felt so well as a Holy Triar,
Half so well, half so well, half so well,
As a Holy Triar.

Chorus—As a Holy, &c.

After supper of hasty I dream,
And that a fat butter and cloister cream,
Which by denial I mostly
With a dainty-bill of a warden pie,
I'm clothed in sack-cloth for my sin—
With good sack-wine and I find within,
With good sack-wine and I find within,
The blessing cup is my main song,
And the vesper bell my bold dirge-song.
What harm or edging, &c.

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